UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson | Louis L. Mann | Curtis W. Reese

Religious Fixations

(Concluded)

By CLARENCE R. SKINNER

Items from a Traveler's Note-Book

X

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Brahmo Celebrations

By CURTIS W. REESE

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part V. Chapter XXVI.

By M. K. GANDHI

VOLUME CIII NUMBER 7

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ASSOCIATE EDITORS

FRANCIS NEILSON LOUIS L. MANN CURTIS W. REESE

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Contents

EDITORIAL—

Notes 99

Religious Fixations (Concluded)—CLARENCE R. SKINNER 101

Jottings—J. H. H. 103

Items from a Traveler's Note-Book—X—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 104

Brahmo Celebrations—CURTIS W. REESE.....106

ARTICLES—

Ten New Commandments—*Rev. Albert W. Palmer* 99

The Universal Spiritual Life—*Rabindranath Tagore* 109

The Story of My Experiments with Truth—Part V—Chapter XXVI—M. K. GANDHI...110

POETRY—

Humanism's Innermost—JAMES H. WEST.....109

Humanist Confidence—JAMES H. WEST 109

THE FIELD—

"Tolstoy" on the Amateur Stage.....111

International Fellowship of Reconciliation.....111

The First Exhibition of Russian Art in England 112

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CIII. MONDAY, APRIL 15, 1929 NUMBER 7

TEN NEW COMMANDMENTS

"New occasions teach new duties." Our changing industrial civilization and the fact that the nations are being brought daily into closer contact, demands a new social ethics. Dr. Albert W. Palmer, of Oak Point, Illinois, suggests the following "Contemporary commandments of social righteousness."

I

I am the Lord thy God, but thou shalt remember that I am also the God of all the earth. I have no favorite children. The Negro and the Hindu, the Chinese, Japanese, Russian and Mexican are all my beloved children.

II

Thou shalt not measure a city's greatness by its population or its bank clearings alone, but also by its low infant mortality, its homes, playgrounds, libraries, schools and hospitals and its low record for bootlegging, prostitution, robbery and murder.

III

Thou shalt remember that no civilization can rise above the level of its respect for and ideals of womanhood.

IV

Thou shalt remember thine own sins and build no prisons for revenge and punishment, but make thy courts clinics for the soul and thy jails hospitals for moral diseases.

V

Thou shalt remember that the end-product of industry is not goods or dividends, but the kind of men and women whose lives are molded by that industry.

VI

Thou shalt press on from political democracy toward industrial democracy, remembering that no man is good enough or wise enough to govern another man without his consent, and that, in addition to a living wage, every man craves a reasonable share in determining the conditions under which he labors.

VII

Thou shalt outlaw war and make no threatening gesture either with great navies or vast military preparations against thy neighbor.

VIII

Thou shalt honor men for character and service alone, and dishonor none because of race, color or previous condition of servitude.

IX

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor by malicious propaganda or colored news or by calling him contemptuous names such as Dago, Chink, Jap, Wop, Nigger or Sheeney.

X

Thou shalt remember that when thine own ancestors were savages and barbarians other men brought to them the saving and civilizing Christian Gospel. Now that thou are rich and prosperous, beware lest thou export to Asia and Africa only thy science and efficiency, thy warships, goods and moving-picture films and forget to export the Christian Message and the Christ-like spirit also.

Is Salmon O. Levinson going to get the Nobel Peace Prize for 1928? On the basis of merit, none other deserves or can receive the Prize, for the one greatest achievement of our time, perhaps of all time, in the cause of peace, is the so-called Briand-Kellogg Treaty, and more than any other one man, Mr. Levinson is responsible for this treaty. He it was who conceived the idea, developed its implications, overcame its difficulties and objections, fostered its idealism, established its practicability, and by labors constant and sacrifices many persuaded other men to its support, and at last the world to its adoption as the law of nations. But merit does not always win in matters of this kind. Mr. Levinson is a modest man, and has been too busy with his cause to blow the trumpet of his fame. Other men, silent or hostile when outlawry needed friends, have been crowding on to the bandwagon now that the procession has started. Already a man by the name of Colcord has been proposed for the Nobel crown. It is influence and authority that counts in this sort of competition. Hence our joy when there was published in the Manchester *Guardian,* the most potent of English journals, a two-column editorial "leader" naming Mr. Levinson as the one man deserving at this hour of recognition by the Nobel Committee. We published this editorial in full in the April 1st issue of this paper. Excerpts from it, cabled from England as a news event of the first importance, have been printed in most of the great newspapers of this country. A movement sponsored months ago by Mr. Levinson's friends, advocated by this paper, the *Christian Century,* the Chicago *Daily News,* and other journals, has thus become an international cause. It is our own belief that nothing can now stop the recognition of Mr. Levinson for the Nobel prize. After a long line of premiers and presidents, a great private citizen will be honored as he deserves.

The American State Department must be enjoying the current news about Russia. Some weeks ago a New York judge, who evidently believes that there is a law of common-sense, ruled that the Soviets had standing in our courts, and to this extent recognized their official existence. We are recognizing Russia all the time, said this remarkable judge—whenever a Russian citizen is naturalized, for example, or when-

ever a Russian marriage is treated as a marriage! Why make trouble for ourselves and fun for everybody else by striking at technicalities? Again, there is the news about the discovery that the famous Zinovieff letter was forged (just as the Bolsheviks always said it was), and the arrest of the men responsible for this and other manufactured canards against the Russian government. The Tories of England, it will be remembered, used this letter with great effectiveness in the closing hours of the last parliamentary campaign. They knew it was a fake; but it was good election stuff, so they published it. The Washington underlings, however, really believed that this letter was genuine. Infinitely more stupid than the British, they were a thousand times more sincere! Now the whole conspiracy is exposed; and the alarm of the department over subversive Bolshevik propaganda looks about as silly as the alarm of the old maid about the man under the bed. Lastly, there is this matter of the delegation of Britishers in Moscow. This is the most important trade delegation, we are told, that has ever gone out from Britain. Its reception in Russia has been warm, and its work substantial. The event presages, of course, an early renewal of the recognition of Russia by the government of King George. Verily, the State Department these days must be having a good time! We can just see the little secretaries in Washington reading the news, and sweating blood as they try to work out some formula by which the United States can recognize the Soviets and still save its face. Why not be honest and confess that we have been making fools of ourselves for ten years—and have done with it forthwith?

What is the secret of our different reactions upon identical events taking place in different parts of the world? Two revolutions are now warring against established governments, in Mexico and in Spain. In watching these phenomena we find ourselves ardently desirous that the revolution in Mexico may fail, and just as ardently desirous that the revolution in Spain may succeed. Two distinguished exiles from their native lands are now engaged in storming and railing against the established authorities at home. The one, Professor Salvemini, rages against Mussolini, of Italy —and we rejoice; the other, Leon Trotsky, bitterly assails Stalin, of Russia—and we lament. Two great organizations of labor, the American Federation and the British Trades Union Congress, have fallen in evil times. We are tickled silly at the plight of the former, and profoundly depressed at that of the latter. Here, surely, would seem to be a record of inconsistency! But we doubt if this is the case. On the contrary, we are inclined to feel that at bottom, in all these cases, we are moved by a single purpose and idea. What impresses us about the government in Mexico is that it is essentially a government devoted to the large liberties of the people, and that its enemies are fundamentally the agents of reactionary influences of industry on the one hand and of religion on the other. The Rivera government in Spain, *per contra,* is engaged in repressing the people in the interest of the military and social aristocracy, and its enemies, therefore, are the friends of freedom. Mussolini, in the same way, is an enemy of democracy, but Stalin, whatever the dictatorial character of his rule, is laying deep and sure the foundations of the first proletarian government in the history of the world. As for the two organizations of labor in this country and in England respectively, the American Federation is a nest of hoary tories who would have labor join hands with capital in the joint exploitation of the people for mutual profit, whereas the British Congress is seeking the economic enfranchisement of all the citizenry of England. Our guiding star is the common people—their freedom, happiness, and abiding good. It is this which determines our reactions upon events.

A policeman is appointed to see that the law is obeyed, that citizens are protected in person and property, that theft, larceny, etc., are prevented. But when this policeman passes the fruit stand upon the corner he quietly filches a banana, an orange, or a handful of peanuts. A congressman joins with his fellows in enacting a tariff law, which places customs officers at every port, to inspect baggage, assess duties, etc.—yet when this congressman lands from a trip to Bermuda, or Panama, or Europe, he is granted the "freedom of the port," and his bags are passed unopened. A senator votes for a declaration of war, and is active in his support of a universal conscription act. But in this act it is expressly provided that officers of government (which includes senators) shall be exempted from active military service at the front. All this we think abominable! We count it a first principle of a free democracy that those who make and enforce the laws should be the first required to obey them. The men responsible for the law should be the very ones to feel the full pressure of the law. Theft by a policeman, of however trivial an article or however small a sum of money, should be punished as a felony. Tariff charges should be imposed upon a congressman with a rigor unexampled in the case of any other citizen. As for war, the first called to the front-line trench should be the presidents and premiers and legislators who have brought the nation into armed conflict with its neighbors. We have always thought that this idea of making law-makers fight was an infallible remedy for war. But we never gave it much attention for the reason that, if there was any kind of war legislation which we believed would never pass under any conceivable circumstances, it was this. Yet the principle is clear and unanswerable. Democracy is never going to get anywhere so

long as its officials are dowered with the safe privilege of law-breaking.

We have no love for bishops, but we loved Bishop Brent (dead on March 27th last). We loved him from afar, for we never met or even saw him. But the spirit needs not the bodily presence to do its work, and the spirit of this good bishop conveyed its influence to us as to myriads of others throughout the world. Bishop Brent was remarkable, first, for the work he did. He came into initial prominence when, as a missionary in the Philippines at the most difficult period of the relations between the islands and America, he fostered understanding and good will. He founded Episcopalian churches and schools in this far-away archipelago, which never interested us much, but his leadership went far beyond and above denominational lines, and reached at last to the hearts of Filipinos in a way which has enshrined his name within those hearts forever. In more recent years his greatest and most beneficent work has been the battle against the opium traffic. He was in Europe, still engaged on this campaign, when he died. During the war he was chief chaplain of the American Expeditionary Force, but he hated war, and since the armistice has been an able and tireless champion of the cause of peace. His catholic spirit made inevitable, of course, his identification with the movement for church union, and his last most conspicuous service was that of presiding at the World Conference on Faith and Order at Lausanne in 1927. Greater than the man's work, however, was the *man*. Bishop Brent was as brave as a lion, yet as gentle as a dove. More than any other churchman of our time, he exemplified the miracle that "out of the strong came forth sweetness." His was a great heart, quick to do battle, and quick also to forgive and love. His interests, of course, were never ecclesiastical but always humanitarian, and his contacts as wide as his sympathies. In an age of sordid materialism and rampant vulgarity, he stood as a quiet but steadfast witness to the supremacy of the things of the spirit. His memory will abide and his influence endure.

The recent death of Miss Katherine Lee Bates gives occasion to call attention once again to the fact that, in Miss Bates' remarkable hymn, "America the Beautiful," this country has a national anthem which can well be substituted for "The Star Spangled Banner." Every now and again we read of some competition for a new national anthem, or of a prize offered for such an anthem. Such endeavors, constantly repeated, show that there is great dissatisfaction with "The Star Spangled Banner," and a real desire to get rid of this traditional song. We sympathize with this desire. The music of "The Star Spangled Banner," an old English drinking song, is cheap, vulgar and utterly unsingable. We know of nothing quite so terrible as an attempt by any American audience anywhere to sing this song. We marvel that patriotism ever survives the experience. But "The Star Spangled Banner," as a national anthem, is unworthy, not only from a standpoint of its music, but also from the standpoint of its words. The famous poem by Francis Scott Key is, in essence, a "hymn of hate" which sprang from the vindictive passions of the war against England in 1812, and should long since have died with these passions. The third verse is so ferocious an expression of vengeance that it is never sung. But the rest of the poem is in the same key, and thus breathes the same spirit of narrow, selfish and brutal nationalism. No wonder that intelligent Americans call for a new anthem which shall be worthy of the idealism of our people. But why should we seek something wholly new, when over thirty years ago Katherine Lee Bates wrote her great poem under the inspiration of the World's Fair in Chicago? "America the Beautiful," as sung to the tune of *Materna,* is a national anthem of which any country might be proud. Why should not the United States use this occasion of Miss Bates' death to celebrate her fame, sanctify her memory, and also serve the state, by officially naming "America the Beautiful" as America's national song?

Religious Fixations

PART III—*Denominational Organization*

Another form of religious arrested development which is closely analogous to the fixation is the type of experience fostered in denominations. It is of course important to remember that the analogy between individuals and social groups can never be pressed too far, for it cannot obtain in all details. In the one case, we are dealing with an organization; in the other, with an organism. And any sociology or social psychology which is built upon too close a similarity between these two will finally break down. We shall therefore avoid the error of trying to make a religious group organized into a denomination subject to the same laws as an individual. And it is especially important not to diagnose the ills of a social group in terms of biological pathology. To call a sect neurotic would be stretching the simile altogether too

far. But we can recognize clearly manifested social ills which are *sui generis* and the ills of the sect are such as can be clearly analyzed.

It will be noted in studying the history of each separate ecclesiastical organization, that one of its chief purposes is to perpetuate the distinctive religious experience of its founder. When Emerson said "an institution is a lengthened shadow of a man," he was thinking of precisely this point; for he proceeded to say in the same sentence seldom quoted, "as Quakerism of George Fox." He could have completed the calling of the roll by saying as Lutheranism is of Martin Luther, as the Society of Jesus is of Ignatius Loyola, as Methodism is of John Wesley, as Christian Science is of Mary Baker G. Eddy, as the Latter Day Saints is of Joseph Smith, as Presbyterianism is of John Calvin, as Unitarianism is of William Ellery Channing, as Ethical Culture is of Felix Adler. And this by no means completes the list. For in nearly all, although not in quite all sectarian organizations, we have a particular type of strong experience on the part of one person perpetuated and handed down generation after generation, no matter whether it adequately meets the problems of contemporary life in all its broad aspects or not.

To begin with perhaps the most remarkable example in the above list, Christian Science illustrates almost to perfection the fixation of a vast ecclesiastical organization upon one rigid method, one closed book, one stated ritual, one dominant personality.

Without entering into the philosophical validity of the underlying ideas as to the teaching of this group, and without denying the enormous benefit which it may bestow upon multitudes of people, there is an unmistakable case of arrest of normal development in the organization and an unwillingness or shall we say an inability to "see (religious) life steadily and see it whole" on the part of its adherents. Mrs. Eddy's personal history is too well known to need repeating here even in the barest outline, except to remind the reader of the one important point that she was an invalid, that she suffered severe pain, that she searched for an escape from her predicament and finally found it in a particular formula and experience which left a tremendously deep emotional impression upon her. This is natural and inevitable, for anyone who has found salvation and deliverance from a pursuing evil must perforce feel life-long gratitude, and such a person would want others to know such an emancipating experience.

But in the case of the Christian Scientist, this one religious pattern becomes the straight-jacket for an organization. The Church finds itself legally bound by such rigid rules that it cannot depart from the straight and narrow path which was once delivered to it, the result being that there is one uniform service on Sunday morning no matter what the difference in locality might call for. Each individual in the organization must submit to a uniform discipline, and is guided into identically the same mould of belief and religious experience.

There are certain social events, and changes in scientific conceptions which cannot find recognition in the service no matter how important they may be, and how loud they may be crying for solution. The range of topics is laid down as if by an iron law, and no one can change the proceeding. Surely this may be called without any danger of effective denial, a fixation upon one personality, one type of experience, one method. The Christian Scientist as an individual may, —and let us hasten to say in many cases is,—a person of broad interests and intelligent grasp of world affairs. But his church is not, and cannot be.

This church is placed first in the list, not because it is the worst offender against the liberty of the spirit or the best illustration of the law of fixation, but because it is better known than most. In order to be fair it is necessary to cite other instances which, on the one hand may deliver us from the charges of prejudice, but which will at the same time lay us open to criticism from more varied quarters. Let us take one example from Catholicism and one from Protestantism.

The best example from Catholicism is the Society of Jesus, or the Jesuit Order as it is popularly called. Its founder, Ignatius Loyola, was a Spanish soldier who had vast ambitions to make himself one of the greatest military geniuses of world history. But early in life he was so severely wounded in battle that he became a hopeless invalid, his physical strength so depleted that he could not ever bear his own weight upon his legs. Lying for hours upon his lonely couch, saddened and embittered, he began to devise ways and means whereby he could still achieve his ambitions of greatness and world wide renown. And after passing through an intense religious experience which delivered him from his peculiar personal tragedy, he conceived the idea of building up an army of men devoted to God whom he could lead as he had dreamed of leading soldiers in carnal warfare. He worked out the scheme of *"Exercitia spiritualia,"* one of the most interesting and effective instruments of religious training ever devised, and finally became General-in-chief of the band of followers whom he attracted to himself.

Like a true military commander he insisted upon absolute obedience, and any devotee who takes the oath of allegiance must thereafter for life place himself completely at the disposal of his captain. Needless to say that such an organization has been extremely effective both as an instrument of the counter reformation, and as a teaching order. It would be hard to deny that a more devoted group of teachers ever existed and to their credit must be placed educational achievements of the first order.

But the organization itself is "the lengthened shadow of one man"—Ignatius Loyola—and his unique religious experience still holds the Jesuit Order in thrall. As centuries roll on, the iron discipline does not relax, the obedience is as unquestioning as ever. The freedom of the spirit ever striving to evolve newer and higher expressions of its genius cannot break through these rigid bars. Members of the organization as individuals may be progressive and forward looking, but no matter how numerous or how powerful they may become, the ecclesiastical organization is fixated upon a particular limited religious experience which occurred centuries ago under conditions foreign to the "zeitgeist" of our age. And there it must remain, arrested in development, unyielding, incongruous.

It seems almost an unforgiveable treason to mention the Society of Friends as the third illustration of this denominational type of fixation, for nearly everyone in Europe and America gladly acclaims both the rare service which Friends have rendered to a war distraught world, and the very exceptional personal spirituality of individual members of the group. And the fixation differs from either of the aforementioned types in that it does not have any reinforcement from an absolutistic type of organization enforcing its decrees through iron creed or unalterable law. It is rather an illustration of what Emerson again observed when he wrote: "The spirit buildeth her an house, and then the house becomes a prison for the spirit."

If any religious group in history has been born under a theory of more complete freedom, we do not know it. It is the very heart and core of Quakerism that there shall be no stereotyped, mechanical form of religious experience. All must be illumined and interpreted by a direct visitation of the spirit. No hireling minister should be required to pump sermons from a dry well, because the process becomes hopelessly dull and ineffective. True worship as well as true wisdom comes as voluntary movements of the spirit in the reverent and devout heart waiting in quiet receptivity.

But as in the case of both Christian Science and the Society of Jesus, the method may become fixated upon the type of religious experience which the founder of the sect discovered, and then passed on to future generations completely unaltered, despite the changes taking place in every other department of the social life. Because Fox found reality in worship by joining together in silent meditation with a circle of friends, his shadow, and that of his individual conviction, has spread over the western world. In visiting London, New York, Geneva, or Berlin one finds precisely the same type of worship under all varying conditions. The mechanics of public worship are kept at the minimum and yet this very revolt against form and ceremony becomes a possible form in itself, with the result that no matter how progressive the Quaker may be in business or in international relations, his collective experience of worship ceases progressing, and as one ardent Friend has said—the churches of this sect are in danger of becoming historical museums. This criticism resented as coming from an unsympathetic observer, must be frankly faced and appreciated when coming from one who loves the personnel and the history of the society.

(Concluded)

CLARENCE R. SKINNER.

Jottings

Announcement in the London Times:

"FORBES-ROBERTSON—Born on January 15, 1929, at Sutton, to Hilda, wife of Lt.-Col. J. Forbes-Robertson, V. C., D. T. O., M. C., Gordon Highlanders, a daughter."

Is this an announcement of the birth of a daughter or an advertisement of the war record of a father?

Deploring skepticism anent the Peace Pact, a prominent newspaper says, "It would be an insult to governments which have accepted the peace agreement (Russia excepted) to imply a doubt of their honorable intention." Why this deliberate insult to Russia, which has incidentally been doing more to make the Peace Pact immediately effective than any other nation?

When is a Governor not a Governor? When he is impeached in Texas, Oklahoma, Louisiana. Next!

A military mass was held in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, in memory of Marshal Foch. What is a military mass? Why should there be such a thing? Can anybody imagine Jesus taking part in such a celebration?

We learn from Mr. Homer Folks that one person out of every twenty-five in New York state is insane. This seems to us a gross underestimate. In New York City, at least, not less than one person out of every three or four is "plumb" crazy. That is, if actions are to be taken as the criterion of sanity.

Actions, we are told, speak louder than words. But not in the "talkies!"

J. H. H.

Items from a Traveler's Note-Book

X.

Old and New

No place in Palestine, not even Jerusalem itself, held more interest for me than Nazareth. I knew perfectly well that the sacred places were spurious. No house in all the town existed in the days of Jesus; no site has even a remote possibility of being real, save only the well where Mary is reputed to have come in the even-tide for water. This spring must have been running in her day as in ours; and have given water to her as to the other women of the place. But the location of the town itself is beyond all question. Here between these hills, in this gentle hollow of the land, stood the house where Jesus was born, the home wherein he lived, the streets upon which he played. Though I saw no other place, I must see this!

Nazareth

My first glimpse of Nazareth was on the way to Haifa. The rains had ceased for a few moments. All day that extraordinary succession of sunshine and storm, which is characteristic of Palestine in the winter season, had tantalizingly beset us. Sometimes it was shining from one portion of the sky and raining from another. Not infrequently, amid the heaviest downpours, we saw rainbows so glorious and so near at hand as to baffle all description. But these rainbows meant nothing—Noah was arguing from inadequate premises when he interpreted the rainbow as a promise of the Lord that the flood was over! The floods came to us even while the rainbows were flaming from the skies. But at this moment, as we rode through Nazareth, it was pleasant for a little time.

We caught sight of the town as we crested the hills, and dipped into the valley. There it was, far below us—the famous Nazareth! It looked right—as I wanted and expected it to look. It was larger and more prosperous than the village in which Joseph and Mary lived. Those huge churches and monasteries did not occupy the landscape in that early day. But these low, stone houses were not unlike those which Jesus knew; this shepherd and his sheep the young lad must have seen a thousand times; and the shelter of the hills, threaded by its steep paths and winding camel-tracks, must have looked to him precisely as it did to me. The bright sunshine on the wet vineyards and pastures helped to make the picture infinitely charming. As our machine sped past high walls and leaning house fronts, dodging sheep and donkeys and playing boys, it seemed as though the years had rolled away, and we were back in the days of the Nazarene.

Our second glimpse of the town came two days later, in the dark hours of a drenching afternoon. The approach from the low plains of the seacoast was not impressive. It was too wet and cold for any of us to enthuse over anything. At the inn we found that we were the only guests, and that the house was ours. A good dinner, a parlor warmly heated by an oil stove, quiet hours of reading and writing, put us in excellent spirits for the morrow. But, alas, the next day—Sunday—was wetter than all preceding days, and sight-seeing was rendered almost impossible. Yet our visit was not disappointing, for Nazareth is a place not to be seen but to be felt.

What is there to see? Churches covering so-called holy places—monasteries crowded with idle monks, the so-called guardians of these holy places—the synagogue in which Jesus preached, and which (curiously enough) dates from many years after Jesus' death—sites identified so perfectly with Bible scenes as to defy criticism and credence! Next only to Jerusalem and Bethlehem, Nazareth is cluttered up with empty churches and idle churchmen. For years it has become the custom in Palestine to cover every alleged holy place with a church. A Parisian roué is not more eager to cover his bald spot than Christianity is eager to cover Bible scenes with churches and cathedrals. Then, when the shrine is duly built, to stand empty and useless save for the credulous pilgrims and gullible tourists who will pay good money to take a look, it must of course have guardians and gate-keepers. So the sacred orders erect their monasteries and scatter monks all over the place. It is a beautiful system—build a church, give it a reputation through the world as the place where Jesus did something or other, and then sit at the seat of customs and rake in the money of those who have to see everything that is properly advertised!

The Franciscan church which covers the site of Joseph's carpentershop is a perfect example of what I mean. This shop, of course, is in a different part of the town from Joseph's home, in spite of the invariable fact that, in a village like Nazareth, an artisan worked where he lived. But to admit this fact would be to forfeit the chance to have two churches (and two sources of income) instead of one. So this church covers only the shop! It was Sunday morning when we visited it, but the place was closed. To have it opened for divine worship would give a person a chance to see it, I suppose, without paying! So we stood moodily in the rain while the custodian turned a rusty key in a rusty lock, and let us in. "Any services in this church?"—"Oh, yes! the Fridays! But this service is open only to the members of the Franciscan order." A private affair, I suppose, to enable the pious monks to thank God that "suckers" like ourselves were always available! We were shown the dirty chancel, the shabby altar; then, with much mumbo-jumbo, taken down a flight of stone steps, into a dark, cold chamber lit by hanging lamps, to see the place where Joseph, the carpenter, had done his work. "The very place?" "Oh, yes, the very place." "Right here where we are standing?" "Oh, yes—no doubt about it." A touching sight—especially to the pocket-book. But it left my heart as untouched as my mind was unconvinced.

No! Nazareth is not a place to be seen, unless you would have every illusion shattered, every dream dispelled. Spurious scenes, itching palms, whining beggars, unescapable brigands in the form of guides and postcard merchants, will spoil everything to the sensitive and reverent soul. I am glad that bad weather kept us off the streets and thus saved us from disillusion. What we did was not to see Nazareth, in the ordinary tourist style, but to *feel* it. We let our imagination play upon it. The spring there, where we had seen the women with their water-jars! This is

the only place within the town which has reality. Mary must have come here in her day, for the valley has no other source of water. Her boy must have been with her on occasion—this is a spot which was familiar to his feet. Then the roads that lead from this spring! No one can be sure that they are the same; but it is likelier that they are than that they are not. For in a primitive country roads remain the same, the feet of men and animals wear them deep, and they become ruts in which the generations move. Then let these roads take you into the country and up the mountain sides! If Jesus the youth was anything like Jesus the man, he liked on occasion to be alone, and therefore must have frequently followed these paths into their quiet places. He knew these hills, and looked down upon this town, and gazed over the rolling country to the east and west, and to the south where was the city of his dreams. Houses have gone, and people passed; even the trees and foliage have been wasted and the land left bare. Into this scene have come invaders many—soldiers, priests, tourists—all equally destructive in their several ways. But the substance is left—the spirit is still abiding. I felt nearer to Jesus here than I had ever felt before.

Tel-Aviv

If Nazareth took us back into the past, Tel-Aviv held us fast within the present, save when it swept us fast and far into the future. Twenty years ago there were miles of sand-dunes on the shores outside the ancient city of Jaffa. Now, on these same dunes, there stands a municipality of 38,000 souls, as thriving and busy as any typical American town. Tel-Aviv is nearer 100 per cent Jewish than Ivory Soap is 100 per cent pure. It is accurately described as the only 100 per cent Jewish city in the world. Its inhabitants, with a few scattered exceptions, are all Jews; its mayor, judges, police force, merchants, teachers, artisans, street cleaners, garbage collectors, all are Jews. Here is no segregation of Jews into a ghetto, into a few traditional trades, into circumscribed and traditional types of life. Jews in Tel-Aviv are occupying all the positions of society, and therewith proving their fitness for every type of leadership and labor. It is an amazing spectacle—this modern city of emancipated Jews!

Tel-Aviv, in its twenty years of life, has had its vicissitudes. In the days of the Arab uprising, it suffered and endured the armed attack of enemies, and cherishes today the bodies of those who died in defense of the town. Three years ago, in the familiar fashion of American "boom" towns, Tel-Aviv overreached itself, and underwent an economic collapse from which it is only now beginning to recover. The loss in population, suddenly sustained in this crisis, has not yet been made up again. Non-Jewish observers, particularly Englishmen, will tell you that the city is reared upon no secure foundations, and that its disintegration is as certain as the shifting of the sands on which it stands. But three days in Tel-Aviv filled me with its spirit. I caught the contagion of its enthusiasm and courage. These citizens of Tel-Aviv are not going to be beaten. First they have the stiff-necked courage which "carries on," whatever the odds against it. Secondly, they know far better than their critics, and can make manifest to a sympathetic visitor, the resources which are at their disposal and upon which they are trusting. The new Palestine must be largely agricultural, of course. But this new Palestine must have its industrial center as well. And here it is—brought into being by the determination and vision of a liberated people almost with the magic of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp.

I had extraordinary opportunity to see this vigorous young city of the Jewish renaissance. I had come under influential auspices, for my visit had been heralded in the name of Nathan Straus, beloved of all races and creeds in Palestine for his generous deeds for humankind, and especially beloved in Tel-Aviv for his gift of a Public Health Center which is already one of the monuments of the town. So the Mayor and his associates were determined to place all the resources of the city at my disposal.

On the day of my arrival, I was waited upon by the Mayor. On the morning of the next day, I returned this official visit; and was duly placed in charge of the General Secretary of the municipality, a most accomplished and gracious gentleman, who took me for a personal tour of inspection of the city, placed at my disposal records and reports, and in general gave me every kind of information which I could desire. Under his guidance I saw the public buildings of Tel-Aviv—visited schools, notably the Herzlia Gymnasium, with its 700 Jewish boys and girls—inspected the great Ruthenburg electric works—went through all the departments of a highly successful hosiery factory, pioneer of great industries yet to come—took a bird's-eye view of the city planning scheme laid out by Sir Patrick Geddes, to control the future growth of the city—motored through attractive residential sections, with houses covering by law not more than one-third of the area of each plot, and then through the crowded streets of retail business and trade—as a climax, surveyed the Nathan and Lina Straus Health Center, still in course of construction, with the new street to be laid out and named in honor of Mr. Straus. What I saw in this rapid visitation was a thriving center of population which promises to be that *rara avis*, a combined industrial and garden city. Tel-Aviv will have its factories and manufacturing plants; but also it will have its gardens and playgrounds and open spaces. It will be busy, but it will also be beautiful. Nothing but timidity and stupidity can defeat this project and these are qualities seldom characteristic of the Jew.

In the late afternoon of this second day came the great event of the occasion—a public reception in the Mayor's rooms at the city hall. Invited guests thronged the chambers of His Worship, Mr. Dizengoff—the city officers, the judges of the courts, the heads of the great religious bodies, Jewish, Latin, Orthodox, Arab Christian, Moslem, and Anglican, the editors of the local papers, distinguished citizens, etc. After an address of welcome in Hebrew by the Mayor, which was duly translated into Arabic and English, a speech was made by Mr. Bialaik, the most famous and influential of contemporary Hebrew writers in Palestine; and then I was privileged to respond in a somewhat extended address, brilliantly translated into Hebrew by the town clerk. Cable messages to Nathan Straus from the municipality and from myself personally, were a fitting culmination to this occasion.

On my third day in Tel-Aviv I was in private hands. The morning was spent in visiting Jewish agricultural colonies in the neighborhood—of which

more later!—and the afternoon with the leaders of the great trade union organization of Palestine. After luncheon with the head officials of the national union, I visited the attractive union headquarters—the workers bank, in which I saw what I never expected to see on this earth, a bank adorned with a picture of Karl Marx—the workers' library, a collection of 70-000 volumes, at the disposal of all working men and women throughout the land—the workers' health center and free dispensary—the night club and school for working boys and girls, who, incidentally, have their own union—and a cooperative workers' printing plant. In the course of much talk, I learned amazing things about this workers' organization in Palestine. Its membership includes 80 per cent of the workers of the country—imagine the American Federation of Labor mustering such a role! Its ranks are crowded with unskilled and agricultural laborers—think of the A. F. of L. being thus hospitable! It seeks Arab workers as well as Jewish—apply this to the A. F. of L. in its attitude toward Negro workers! It is not a bit afraid of entering politics, but on the contrary is one of the most militant aggressive and potent political forces in the nation—a fact calculated to paralyze our A. F. of L. with confusion and alarm! The whole situation can be summed up in the simple statement that the workers' organization in Palestine has character and intelligence—qualities almost totally lacking in our venerable Federation. This is not to say that the workers are always wise—I heard serious criticism of certain of their ideas and policies! But it is to say that the workers have found their minds and mobilized their forces, and thus made themselves one of the mightiest factors in the making of the Jewish Homeland.

One of my evenings in Tel-Aviv stands out vividly in memory. It was the night I went to see a public performance by Ohel, the workers dramatic organization, in honor of a lamented comrade, Joseph Engels, a musical composer who had died two years before in his prime. The actors and actresses were all wage-workers who gave freely of their time and strength to the cultivation of the great art of the drama. Four one-act plays, original dramatizations of stories of native Jewish life, were chosen for this evening's program because of the original incidental music written by Engels. A portrait of the composer, adorned with a wreath, hung at the right of the stage. A brief memorial address was given by the director of the players, a talented Jew from Russia. An orchestra of instruments and voices furnished thrilling music at intervals during the plays which were given in the extreme form of the grotesque associated with the futurist school, and with a verve, devotion and artistry by the actors which were notable. I learned that these players, who earned their daily bread by daily toil, were accustomed at severe personal sacrifice to go out into the working centers and the agricultural colonies, and present their productions to the hungry toilers who crowded any available shack or looked on in the open-air. I was told that at this very time these players were preparing an elaborate production of Stefan Zweig's great Biblical and poetic drama, "Jeremiah." Here is art wrung from the very sweat and blood of a struggling people. How empty and dilettante it made the sophisticated Theatres of our intelligentsia in New York! As I looked upon this stage, and especially as I felt the breathless interest of the working-class audience present, I saw Israel born again to all that was best and noblest in her soul.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Jerusalem, Palestine.

Brahmo Celebrations

Upon reaching India, I learned that the Brahmo plans for the Southern India tour, beginning at Madras, January 4, and ending with the Calcutta Climax of celebrations, had for local reasons been changed. This fitted in very well with my own situation, since, due to illness, I was unable to arrive in India before January 22. Drs. Southworth and Drummond had previously visited various Somajes and created interest in the celebrations. Dr. and Mrs. Southworth stood up admirably under the strain of much travel, and Dr. Southworth's addresses were deeply appreciated.

We arrived in Calcutta in the early forenoon of the 22nd of January, and went directly to the Great Eastern Hotel. Soon after arrival at the Hotel, a delegation which had missed us at the boat, due to the unexpected early arrival of the ship and our haste in disembarking, welcomed us with both garlands and affection. At 4 o'clock at City College was the Meadville Convocation Service, for conferring the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity on Rev. Hemchandra Sarkar, the venerable leader of the Brahmo Somaj. Dr. Southworth presided. Principal Maitra of City College gave the invocation, and Rev. Jaminikanta Koar, class of 1912, read a compilation of passages from various scriptures. Dr. Drummond told of Mr. Sarkar's early days at Manchester. Next I spoke on "Current Trends in Theological Education." I tried to show that there is a marked change in the direction of more human and less abstract content.

(1) Especially is this true in the field of the history of religion. Where the old theological education interested itself in the history of a single ethnic religion, with dates, epochs, and charts, the new theological education is interested in the history of religion itself as man's endeavor to wring a satisfying life from an environing situation sometimes none too friendly. So the history of religion becomes a living thing instead of a dry chronicle.

(2) The old abstract theology, with its proofs of the existence of God and analysis of his character, is likewise giving way to a type of philosophy that deals not with super-abstractions, but with concrete human values—building the ideals of tomorrow of the materials of today's experience, and then changing them tomorrow in the light of tomorrow's experience.

(3) The emphasis of ecclesiology, the old study of how ecclesiastical machines have worked, is being replaced with a more useful knowledge of the social sciences—psychology, sociology, and economics.

This change from an abstract and other worldly theological content to one that is concrete and worldly is the hope of religion. It will stir the soul. It will vivify the church. It will commit religion to a program for a full and rich life for every man, and woman, and child.

Dr. Southworth then conferred the degree, and the investiture was by Rev. Satyananda Roy of the class

of 1918, and Prof. Amal Kumar Siddhanta of the class of 1925. While the usual academic practice was adhered to, including caps, gowns and procession, there was nevertheless a striking absence of formal attire, a situation quite general in India. In my own combination of white suit and black gown I felt positively undressed. Nevertheless, in a real sense the occasion was suitably dignified.

The program for Wednesday, the 23rd, being in Bengali and hence not comprehensible to the foreign delegates, most of the day was spent in seeing Calcutta, although for a while we listened to the Brahmo young people carolling in the open air of a public park. A description of Calcutta does not properly belong in this letter. Suffice it to say that not till my dying day (if then) shall I forget the sight of cows, calves and bulls perambulating at will along the streets and sidewalks, nor the caw caw of the crows, nor especially, the affection with which the Indians stroked the well-rounded necks of the cows they met on the sidewalks.

Thursday, the 24th, was an all-day session. The Brahmos met early (some said at 4 a. m.) and prayed and sang until time for the 11:30 Luncheon Festival, where typical Indian food was served on banana leaves, and eaten with the fingers. But a special table prepared for the foreign delegates was presided over by Dr. Sarkar's daughter. At 3 o'clock, a tea in honor of the foreign delegates was given by Sir and Lady J. C. Bose. Dr. Bose is well known throughout the world for his scientific achievements, including the measurements of the growth of plants. The Bose institute is well equipped and offers opportunity for specialization in certain phases of science. On the lecture desk in the main hall is written: "For the glory of India and for the Welfare of the World, this Temple of Science is dedicated at the feet of God." We returned to the Brahmo headquarters for a 4 o'clock session, where Dr. Southworth spoke, and the foreign delegates sang Western hymns.

At 5 o'clock on Friday, the 25th, I addressed the International Club of Calcutta, the meeting being held in the Y. W. C. A. At 6 o'clock, at Brahmo headquarters was held the welcoming service and the response by foreign delegates. In the absence of Dr. Lathrop, Dr. Southworth, who had many times conveyed greetings throughout India, graciously introduced me as the spokesman for the American delegates. The building was suitably decorated, all space was taken, and the "elders" sat on the floor, totally surrounding the pulpit. It was a picturesque and stirring meeting.

On Saturday, the 26th, at 9 a. m., was held an exhibit of the Bengal Social Service League, organized and effectively directed by Dr. D. N. Maitra. After brief addresses by Dr. Drummond, Mr. Parker of the Society of Friends, and myself, we examined the charts used by Dr. Maitra in health lectures through Bengal and elsewhere. They would also do good in America, including the hometown of Katherine Mayo.

Sunday and Monday, the 27th and 28th, were the big days of the Celebration. The sessions were called the "Parliament of Religions," and held in the Senate Hall of the University of Calcutta. The Sunday sessions began at 8:30 a. m., and continued with noon intermission, until 5 o'clock. Rabindranath Tagore risked his health, which is none too good, in order to deliver a brief address (see page 108), following which he departed to his Calcutta home. Dr. Drummond presided at the morning session, and a Hindu Pundit, in the afternoon. Many religions were represented on the program. Both Dr. Southworth and I addressed the meetings. I suffered conflicting emotions. Being under a foreign flag, I felt a certain obligation of courtesy; but being a humanist, I felt the weight of 320,000,000 people in political slavery. With more than my usual restraint, in a portion of my address I dealt with religion in relation to liberty, and in closing enlarged the phrasing though not the content of Abraham Lincoln's statement that "No nation is good enough to rule another." I said, "No race or nation, whatever its color or culture, is good enough or wise enough to rule another race or nation—and that means both England in India, and America in the Philippines." By the instant response from the large audience, I realized as I had not before, what a mighty movement is stirring underneath the surface of Indian life. Upon resuming my seat, an old Indian gentleman who sat in a seat of honor on the platform, leaned over to me, and in clearly enunciated English said, "You spoke for our whole country, gave vent to the fire that burns in every soul." At the Monday session, an array of representatives of still other religious movements spoke from 4 to 7 p. m. By special arrangements made by the program committee, I had the honor of delivering a second address, in which I outlined the prerequisites of world peace, as inter-religious fellowship, inter-racial sympathy, and international patriotism.

Tuesday forenoon, I visited the Adi Somaj (Adi meaning original), Tagore's home, the Marble House where hundreds of paupers are fed daily, one of the buildings of the New Dispensation group, paid my respects at the tomb of Keshib Chundra Sen, and the old home of P. C. Mozoomdar, who was called the Oriental Christ, and visited Victoria Institute, of which Miss Ghosh, now in Meadville, is principal. In the afternoon there was an open-air session at the Brahmo girls' school. Both Dr. Southworth and I spoke, representing the American delegates. Following this, I addressed a special meeting in the Hall of the school on the "Technique of Fostering Liberal Opinion," and used the Abraham Lincoln Centre Forum as a special illustration.

On the forenoon of Wednesday, the 30th, I visited an elementary school, conducted by the Brahmos, and addressed the students of City College. At 3 o'clock I addressed the Department of Modern History of the University of Calcutta on the Program for the Outlawry of War, including not only the recent Peace Pact, but in addition the codification of international law on the basis of Outlawry, and the affirmative jurisdiction of a world court. This was my ninth and last address in Calcutta.

I will not attempt to relate the many teas and dinners that were given to the foreign delegates; nor the special dinners and teas to those who possessed special letters of introduction to prominent people. There were significant interviews, and private discussions, one of the most interesting being that of Mrs. Southworth and Alice Snow for a full hour with Rabindranath Tagore in his Calcutta home. Everywhere we were courteously received by the Indians.

Dr. and Mrs. Lathrop arrived at noon, Wednesday, the 30th, and spent a busy day and a half in

Calcutta, including a special luncheon in their honor. Already the Southworths and Drummonds had started on a southern tour, and Mrs. Randall and her friends had reached Calcutta ahead of the Snows and myself, and had done Darjelling and were then touring Northern India. The Snows and I were leaving that night for Benares and various points where Brahmo meetings were being arranged. A quick "council of war" was held and it was decided that the Lathrops would join us at Delhi. After visiting Benares, Delhi, Agra, Lucknow, Jaipur, and Cawnpur, we proceeded to Ahmedabad and Bombay, where both Dr. Lathrop and I addressed meetings of the Brahmo Somaj. At Ahmedabad, we attended a mass meeting of students who were on a strike that grew out of opposition to the Simon Commission, visited Gandhi's home, and the National University of which Gandhi is chancellor. Unfortunately, Gandhi was at Karachi, but his secretary knew of our contemplated visit, and I had the rare satisfaction of receiving a small hank of yarn woven and spun by Gandhi himself. But as much as I prize this yarn, I will give it to anyone who will adequately finance UNITY in a campaign to educate America on her opportunity, both culturally and commercially, in an India freed from foreign control.

Dr. Lathrop and I addressed a Brahmo meeting in Bombay. While the meeting was in session, a throng of people came pouring down the street in the direction of the section where the Hindus and Mohammedans were rioting and where many had been killed and wounded. Their voices sounded above the clatter of the street but I could not understand them. A few moments later came another throng. The meeting was all but broken up. Frankly, I was a bit frightened. But my fears were unfounded, for the throngs were made up of Hindus and Mohammedans marching together into the rioting section, singing, "Long Live Hindu-Moslem Unity." Not much longer can Hindus and Moslems be played off one against the other to the advantages of a foreign power.

From Bombay, Dr. and Mrs. Lathrop went to Bangalore to join the Southworths and the Drummonds, and then to sail from Colombo, February 27th. The Snows and I having failed to get transferred to the later boat, went to Madras and onto Colombo to sail February 13. In Madras where we had only the time between trains, I addressed one of the most interesting of the Somajes, and we were received by Annie Besant at the world headquarters of the Theosophical Society. I asked Mrs. Besant what we could do in America for Indian liberty. She replied that we could give sympathetic understanding; and that America's is the only opinion that Britain respects. She said she favored Dominion Status for India, interpreted as complete freedom within its own borders. This seems to be the opinion of many leading Indians. But unless granted soon and graciously, it had just as well not be granted at all, for every day of delay means wave upon wave added to the rolling tide of opinion favoring complete independence.

Arriving in Colombo we joined Mrs. Randall and her friends, compared experiences, and concluded that the difficulties of travel in India are greatly exaggerated.

A letter awaited us in Colombo. It was from a prominent barrister of Calcutta. It said, "The American representatives have captured our hearts. We now have quite a different idea of Americans."

Mixed with duties was also much sight-seeing, including the riding of elephants and camels, and viewing of temples and mosques and the world famous Taj Mahal, but my letter is already too long.

I cannot, however, refrain from relating one interesting and amusing experience that we had in Calcutta. We had invited a young Indian to dinner at the hotel. He was elegantly dressed in native attire. Upon entering the dining room, the head waiter said, "That man cannot eat here in that dress." "In that case," I replied, "neither will we." I added that the rule seemed to me a very unreasonable one. Leaving the dining room, we went to a restaurant-club nearby. To add to the merriment, I was there told that I could not eat without my dinner suit. This fortunately removed some of the embarrassment from the hotel experience, and with a feeling partaking somewhat of triumph, we returned to the hotel, and ordered dinner served in a private room. CURTIS W. REESE.

S. S. President Hayes
Indian Ocean
February 15, 1929.

P. S. March 30: It seems good to be back on Oakwood Boulevard.

The Universal Spiritual Life*

After a long spell of skepticism, born of science which is naturally concerned with the process of creation, not with its origin or value, there seems to have set in a favorable reaction in the modern mind towards religion. In consequence of this a large section of men have become ready to surrender themselves, with unreasoning impetuosity, to the rigid grip of creeds that had their genesis in the history of a remote past with its limited range of knowledge. It is also having upon other minds the contrary effect of discrediting religion altogether, arousing against it suspicion, if not contempt.

We have seen in our own country a recrudescence of the blind faith that makes no discrimination between the spiritual significance of a religion and its outer crust that not only obscures it, but gives it a materialistic grossness of structure. Men who follow such paths on indiscriminate acceptance, go to the length of defending their position by a philosophy according to which all conceptions and representations of the infinite have a uniform value, being all equally inadequate or irrelevant. Such sophistry makes it easy for us to confine our devotion within the boundaries of our own sect, and unthinkingly allow our minds to confuse customs that are inert, with the wisdom that has eternal dynamic force. It is a symptom of our egotism, this clinging with fanatical fervor to all that is accidental in our religion, making it inhospitable, and a source of endless strife. Such a religious attitude of mind is

*An address at the Parliament of Religions in Calcutta.

the greatest calamity, especially in the present age, for the peace and welfare of man.

Sectarianism is materialistic. It ever tries to build its tower on external observances. It breeds in the minds of its members a jealous sense of separation that gives rise to conflicts more deadly than conflicts of worldly interests. It is a worse enemy of the truth of religion than atheism, for sectarianism proudly appropriates as its own share the best portion of the homage that we bring to our God.

Today science has offered us facilities that bring the human races outwardly close to one another, yet curiously enough it is our religions that zealously maintain the inner barriers that separate and often antagonize, nations and peoples, their respective votaries not even hesitating blasphemously to take God's own name to humiliate or mortally injure their fellow beings who happen to belong to a different community. And it is high time for us to know how much more important it is, in the present age, to be able to understand the fundamental truths of all religions and realize their essential unity, thus clearing the way for a world-wide spiritual comradeship, than to preach some special religion of our own, with all its historical limitations.

The evils that have followed in the wake of the present meetings of the races—the evils of political and economic exploitation should not find in the religious organizations, allies for the creation of dissensions that are truly impious. We must give heed to the call of the present age which urges us to train our mind not merely into a passive tolerance, but into an active understanding of the religions which are not ours, which but differently emphasize some particular phase or truth, some special process of spiritual realization.

There are those who have the imperialistic tendency of mind which leads them to believe that their own religion has the sole right to bring the whole human world under its undisputed dominance. They dream of a unity which consists of a grim solitude, barren and colorless as a desert. But the unity which is at the root of creation, comprehends the countless many, and gives them the rhythms of kinship. Monotony is of death, life is a harmony of varied notes.

The truth which is impersonal is science, the path to approach it is the same for all of us,—the sole path of reason that has not individual variation. The truth which is supremely personal is God, and the paths that lead to him are not one, but are manifold according to the differences in our personality. The knowledge about this personal truth can never be solely through reason, but must be mostly through sympathy; to know it perfectly is the same as to be intimately related to it.

The personal relationship, in order to be real, has to seek out its own special path and find its idiomatic expression in the medium of its own language. But, generally speaking in the name of religion our minds are moulded according to the one uniform sectarian standard prevalent in our own community. Therefore, with the exception of those who have rare spiritual gifts, the generality of men, without their knowing it, are godless. They are pious, but not religious; they have not the courage of faith, but the habit of conformity. Such a cult of superficial creeds has, for most of us, brought down our idea of God to the level of the average, the comfortable, the genteel mind, the mind ready to believe that God is on the side of the successful.

Religion is the expression of human aspirations seeking the fundamental unity of truth in the divine person of God, whereas sectarianism uses religion itself to create disunion among men, sharpening its sword for the killing of brothers as a part of the ritual of the Father's worship. Sectarianism is the dangerous form of worldliness that claims exclusive right to spiritual illumination within its own narrow enclosure, and in the name of God refuses recognition to God himself where he is for all.

The history of man is the history of the building up of a human universe, as has been proved by the fact that everything great in human activity inevitably belongs to all humanity. And we may be sure that all our religious experiences and expressions are building up from the depth of the ages one great continent of religions on which man's soul is to win its prosperity through the universal commerce of spiritual life.

—*Rabindranath Tagore.*

Humanism's Innermost

When Love beholds with vision bold and keen
The possibilities of humankind,
It wonders that so long men wander blind,
Content with meagre "goods" that come between.

There is a realm of soul, a pure serene,
A satisfying passion of the mind:
And all who delve and the deep secret find
Are Masters in this cosmical demesne.

It is the consciousness of mighty station
Possessed by every soul in Being's round;
The recognition and the high elation
Of freedom in the Whole while being bound;
A wealth of joyous self-determination
To lofty good until the All is found.

JAMES H. WEST.

Humanist Confidence

Wouldst thou be Master in life's troublous show?
Wouldst tread earth's maze, yet spurn its doubt and fear?
When pain and loss are nigh find solace near,
And robe e'en death in a triumphant glow?

Persistent is the Life whence all lives flow!
We live and die in that; and man's brief year
But ebbs to merge again in different sphere
With ageless Life no Time can overthrow.

No solveless questionings of How and Where
Oppress the soul that visions life supernal.
Though stars may fade, though planets burst in air,
And earth in darkness spin no more diurnal,
The seer his confidence may still declare,
At one forevermore with the eternal.

—JAMES H. WEST.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

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PART V—CHAPTER XXVI

Passion for Unity

The Kheda campaign was launched while the deadly War in Europe was still going on. Now a crisis had arrived and the Viceroy had invited various leaders to a War Conference in Delhi. I had also been urged to attend the Conference. I have already referred to the cordial relations between Lord Chelmsford, the Viceroy, and myself.

In response to the invitation I went to Delhi. I had however objections to taking part in the Conference, the principal one being the exclusion from it of leaders like the Ali Brothers. They were then in jail. I had met them only once or twice, though I had heard much about them. Every one had spoken highly of their services and their courage. I had not then come in close touch with Hakim Saheb, but Principal Rudra and Dinabandhu Andrews had told me a deal in his praise. I had met Mr. Shuaib Qureshi and Mr. Khwaja at the Muslim League in Calcutta. I had also come in contact with Drs. Ansari and Abdur Rahman. I was seeking the friendship of good Musalmans and was eager to understand the Musalman mind through contact with their purest and most patriotic representatives. I therefore never needed any pressure to go with them wherever they took me in order to get into intimate touch with them.

I had realized early enough in South Africa that there was no genuine friendship between the Hindus and the Musalmans. I never missed a single opportunity to remove obstacles in the way of unity. It was not in my nature to placate any one by adulation or at the cost of self-respect. But my South African experiences had convinced me that it would be on the question of Hindu Muslim unity that my *ahimsa* would be put to its severest test, and that the question presented the wildest field for my experiments in *ahimsa*. The conviction is still there. Every moment of my life I realize that God is putting me on my trial.

Having such strong convictions on the question when I returned from South Africa, I prized the contact with the Brothers. But before closer touch could be established they were isolated. Maulana Mahomed Ali used to write long letters to me from Betul and Chhindwara whenever his jailers allowed him to do so. I applied for permission to visit the Brothers but to no purpose.

It was after the imprisonment of the Ali Brothers that I was invited by Muslim friends to attend the session of the Muslim League at Calcutta. Being requested to speak, I addressed them on the duty of the Muslims to secure the Brothers' release. A little while after this I was taken by these friends to the Muslim College at Aligadh. There I invited the young men to be *fakirs* for the service of the motherland.

Next I opened correspondence with the Government for the release of the Brothers. In that connection I studied the Brothers' views and activities about the Khilafat. I had discussions with Musalman friends. I felt that if I would become a true friend of the Muslims I must render all possible help in securing the release of the Brothers and a just settlement of the Khilafat question. It was not for me to enter into the absolute merits of the question, provided there was nothing immoral in their demands. In matters of religion beliefs differ and each one's is supreme for himself. If all had the same belief about all matters of religion there would be only one religion in the world. As time progressed I found that the Muslim demand about the Khilafat was not only not against any ethical principle but that the British Prime Minister had admitted the justice of the Muslim demand. I felt therefore bound to render what help I could in securing a due fulfilment of the Prime Minister's pledge. The pledge had been given in such clear terms that the examination of the Muslim demand on the merits was needed only to satisfy my own conscience.

Friends and critics have criticized my attitude regarding the Khilafat question. In spite of the criticism I feel that I have no reason to revise it or to regret my cooperation with the Muslims. I should adopt the same attitude should a similar occasion arise again.

When therefore I went to Delhi, I had fully intended to submit the Muslim case to the Viceroy. The Khilafat question had not then assumed the shape it did subsequently.

But on my reaching Delhi another difficulty in the way of my attending the Conference arose. Dinabandhu Andrews raised a question about the morality of my participation in the War Conference. He told me of the controversy in the British press regarding secret treaties between England and Italy. How could I participate in the Conference, if England had entered into secret treaties with another European power, asked Mr. Andrews. I knew nothing of the treaties. Dinabandhu Andrews' word was enough for me. I therefore addressed a letter to Lord Chelmsford explaining my hesitation to take part in the Conference. He invited me to discuss the question with him. I had prolonged discussion with him and his Private Secretary, Mr. Maffey. As a result I agreed to take part in the Conference. This was in effect the Viceroy's argument: "Surely you do not believe that the Viceroy knows everything done by the British Cabinet. I do not claim, no one claims, that the British Government is infallible. But if you agree that the Empire has been on the whole a power for good, if you believe that India has on the whole benefited by the British connection, would you not admit that it is the duty of every Indian citizen to help the Empire in the hour of its need? I too have read what the British papers say about the secret treaties. I can assure you that I know nothing beyond what the papers say, and you know the canards that these papers frequently start. Can you, acting on a mere newspaper report, refuse help to the Empire at such a critical juncture? You may raise whatever moral issues you like and

The Field

"The world is my country,
to do good is my Religion."

"TOLSTOY" ON THE AMATEUR STAGE

Henry Bailey Stevens, who recently wrote a play on Tolstoy (which first appeared serially in UNITY) which was intended more as an interpretative study of the great Russian than as a dramatic vehicle, recently received an appreciative letter from a town in Indiana, where the play was put on by amateur talent. One of the principals in the cast, a college professor, thus writes: "To play your title role as I conceived it cost me a positively wearying inner struggle; and no play which held a small town audience spellbound, as this one did, for three hours—and that, too, within two days of a boisterous local comedy—could possibly be dull." He also encloses a clipping from a local paper saying that it played to large crowds at two performances, and "was quite the most pretentious play of its kind ever attempted by local amateurs."

The book, "Tolstoy—A Play," by Henry Bailey Stevens, is published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

INTERNATIONAL FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION

I. General International Information

Bulgaria

Reign of Terror.

It is stated from Sofia that Vantcha Mihailof, who became the undisputed head of the comitadji organization of Bulgaria after the murder of General Protogeroff, is continuing the policy of exterminating all who oppose him. He has moved his Macedonian Revolutionary Organisation from Sofia to Gornja Djumaja, and is concentrating his forces in the Petritch and Chustendil districts. The inhabitants of these districts recently sent a memorandum to the Government begging them to intervene. A reign of terror has been instituted by Mihailof's followers. It is reported that Mihailof has obtained the names of a hundred signatories to the memorandum from members of the Government, and has ordered their instant execution. Eleven members of the Comitadji District Committee who refused to take the oath of allegiance to the new Executive Committee were immediately ordered to be killed. Six were shot down on the spot; five escaped and hid themselves in the village of Vogoslov, but were later caught and massacred. The most important followers of the former leader Protogeroff have fled to the mountains and forests, where they are being taken to prevent their escape across the frontiers towards Greece and Yugo-Slavia. (*Manchester Guardian Weekly, November 23, 1928.)*

Czecho-Slovakia

Conscientious Objector.

Michal Fencsák, a farmer of Velké Lučky, near Munkács, has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment by the Divisional Military Tribunal of Olmütz for refusing to take up arms. On October 1 Fencsák presented himself to the Flying Corps to which he had been called, and donned the uniform without protest. He refused however to take up arms, stating that his religious convictions did not permit him to hold a weapon in his hand. Fencsák belongs to a Christian sect called "The Followers of Christ"; this sect has over 300 members in Velké Lučky. Fencsák defended himself and accepted his sentence with the remark that he would always rule his conduct according to the words of Jesus. *(Národni Politika, November 24, 1928.)*

Denmark

To Make War Impossible

His Excellency General Fritz Holm, G. C. G., G. C. H. S., LL. D., D. C. L., of the Royal Yacht Club, Copenhagen, is circulating through the world a new plan for abolishing war. His "Projected Law — The Enactment, Promulgation, and Enforcement of which will prevent war among nations" contains, among other things, certain unique suggestions:

"The following measures shall within ten hours after the beginning of hostilities or the formal declaring of war be carried into effect, to wit: there shall be conscripted as simple soldiers or sailors, *with rank of privates,* for the earliest possible participation in actual hostilities against the enemy under fire, the following persons:

1. The head of the state, if male, whether president or sovereign.

2. All male blood relatives of the head of the state having attained the age of sixteen.

3. The prime minister and other secretaries of state, as well as all under and assistant secretaries of state.

4. All male representatives elected by the nation for legislative work, except such members as voted openly against said armed conflict.

5. All bishops and prelates, or ecclesiastics of similar rank, of the nation's Christian and other churches who failed publicly to oppose such armed conflict.

The above enlistments as privates are for the duration of the war and are enforced in disregard of the individual's age or condition of health, upon which the military medical officers will pass after enlistment.

The wives, daughters, and sisters of the above-mentioned persons shall be conscripted as simple nurses or servants for the duration of the war for service only at the front as near actual hostilities under fire as dressing stations or field hospitals are established." *(The Nation, October 17, 1928.)*

Germany

Chancellor on War.

We quote the following from the November number of *Paneuropa:*

"There appeared recently an enlarged edition of "Letters of Students who Fell in the War" (*Kriegsbriefe gefallener Studenten,* published by Georg Müller). In writing on this book, the German Chancellor Herr Müller states: 'The writers of these letters for the most part went gladly to war; their descriptions of the drab stationary trench warfare carried on for years in mud and misery militate therefore all the more effectively against war, and stimulate the attentive reader to do all he can to spare civilisation the repetition of another such catastrophe. How many hopes were interred in the cold ground with the corpses of these students! What idealism was prematurely lost, idealism which would have been so valuable in the reconstruction of Germany. To what an unnatural selection does any war lead, which lasts for years and destroys millions of the finest and strongest of all nations! The duties of the survivors are therefore all the greater.'" *(Vossische Zeitung, October 20, 1928.)*

International

Socialist Youth against War and Militarism.

At their last meeting in Prague in October, the Executive Committee of the Socialist Youth International passed a resolution against war and militarism. The resolution states:

"The fight against war and militarism is one of the chief tasks of the international Socialist Youth Movement. . . . The Executive Committee declares once again that the Socialist Youth International and affiliated associations will support all measures upon which the Socialist Workers' International decides for carrying out its disarmament programme. . . . The Executive Committee calls upon the affiliated organizations to carry out the peace education of young workers in the spirit of the Brussels Disarmament programme. It calls upon Socialist youth of all countries untiringly to continue the fight against the militarization of youth and the chauvinism promoted by the forces of reaction and Fascism. The younger generation of our day which has lived through the horror of

---

challenge us as much as you please after the conclusion of the War, not today."

The argument was not new. It appealed to me as new because of the manner in which and the hour at which it was presented, and I agreed to attend the Conference. As regards the Muslim demands I was to address a letter to the Viceroy.

M. K. GANDHI.

the world war must not allow the memory of the insane slaughter of peoples to fade into oblivion; it is its duty to arouse abhorrence of war also in post-war youth. Socialist youth must stand in the foremost rank where the possibility of serving disarmament and world peace is concerned . . . The Socialist Youth International is opposed to war and militarism in any form. It condemns therefore the attitude of the Communist Youth International, which sets its revolutionary hopes on warfare, according to the theory laid down by the Communist International, and thus spreads a militaristic contagion among working class youth. *(Internationale Sozialistische Jugendkorrespondenz, November, 1928.)*

Norway

Armistice Day for Peace.

The Norwegian Peace Movement appealed to the Ministry of Education and Religion to celebrate Sunday, November 11, as a general Peace Sunday. As a result ministers all over the country were asked to talk on the question of peace in their morning sermon on that day. The Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. took up the call; Armistice Day happened to coincide with their annual association day, so that more people than usual were reached through their different associations, which number nearly 600. All the peace associations held larger meetings than usual, and interest in anti-war propaganda was shown even by the sections of the rural youth movement which are largely nationalistic in character. Some branches of the Temperance Association took an active part in the peace manifestations. *(F. O. R. Corr.)*

Poland

Anti-Militarist Students.

On November 25 and 26 a Conference of the Student Federation of Friends of the League of Nations in Poland took place in Warsaw. This organisation has local branches in Warsaw, Cracow, Lemberg and Posen. The following resolution was passed by 19 votes to 4: "The Third Congress of the Federation condemns the militarist education of youth through the military and semi-military organisations. The Congress believes that the best means of national defence is public education, and a society which fully realises its duties." *(Die Menschheit, December 9, 1928.)*

Sweden

Results of Student Peace Campaign.

In the December number of the *International News Sheet* we reported the peace campaign undertaken by students in Sweden. Albert Wickman, propaganda secretary of the Swedish Peace Society *(Svenska Freds och Skiljedomsföreningen)*, states that within one month after the campaign 142 new local branches of the Peace Society have been founded; 20 branches which were previously dormant have been stimulated to new activity, and 3,000 new members have been gained. The campaign aroused much attention in the press. The students, whose achievements have surpassed all expectations, belong to different organisations—to Free Church, Abstainers, Social Democrat and Clarté groups. Financially also the campaign was a success, and there is every hope of being able to carry it on. *(Nya Vägar, November 15, 1928.)*

To Rent for the Summer

9-room Camp, 5 minutes from ocean, at Chilmark, Martha's Vineyard; $300.00 for the season.

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The First Exhibition of Russian Art in England

The English Society for Cultural Relations with the USSR has applied to the VOKS with an offer to arrange in London an exhibition of engravings, etc. by Soviet artists.

This exhibition in London will be the first of its kind ever organized in England.

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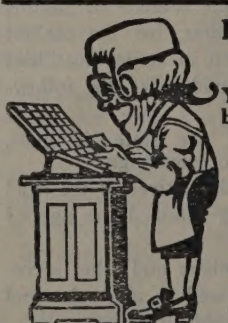

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